

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
724 FIFTEENTH STREET, NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday, .50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday, .50 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday, .45 cents per month
Sunday, without daily, .25 cents per monthSubscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, .50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday, .50 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday, .45 cents per month
Sunday, without daily, .25 cents per month

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
SPECIAL AGENT, Newark Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAD-
HAM, Boyce Building.

MONDAY, JULY 18, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

Woodrow Wilson in Politics.

A mighty change has come over the public mind in regard to the question of the dignity and the ideals of public service, and it is a change that is having a marked effect on political situations everywhere. To trace the birth of this change, its growth in public feeling, and the many practical instances of public benefits derived from it, need not be considered here. The theme is broad enough for a volume.

But few more apt or striking positive evidences of this change could be adduced than the statement just issued by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, head of Princeton University, in regard to the proposal to make him the Democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey. A few years ago, while such a thing might have been thought of, it would only have been as a political trick; a scheme to bolster up the devices of the machine by the prop of an honored name. But to-day it is serious, and the name of Woodrow Wilson suggests itself to the electors, not because he is a politician, but because his life and works and ideals convince them that here—if he could be induced to serve—would be a man who would dignify the office and put into practical forms the ideals of public service.

And the attitude of the president of Princeton is all that might be expected from such a man. He will not under any circumstances do anything to obtain the nomination—this he states positively—and he makes it clear that his work at Princeton is dear to him and that he does not wish to depart from it. But if it is true, as many people have informed him, that "it is the wish and the hope of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats of the State that he should accept the nomination, he would deem it an honor and a privilege to do so."

The nomination of a man would do much to lift the politics of New Jersey to a higher plane, and his election would be a fine example of the new thought in politics which would be of advantage to the rest of the country. The nomination of Prof. Wilson would place upon the Republicans the burden of finding a man of equally high ideals to oppose him, and nothing would do more than this to further the cause of good government throughout the United States.

The Threatened Strike.

Of vital importance to the industrial condition of this country is the conference to take place to-day between the trainmen on the Pennsylvania Lines East of Pittsburgh and the officials of the railroad. On the outcome of this conference depends whether or not the business of the country, at present rounding to in excellent shape, is to be thrown into chaos by a railway strike of enormous magnitude.

If there should be a strike—though there is some reason to hope that a satisfactory adjustment may be made at the eleventh hour—it will be, undoubtedly, a strike in which the employees may not hope to rely on the unanimous sympathy of the public. The record of the dealings of the Pennsylvania Railroad with its employees has been clean and fair, and even among the men who are talking strike there is frank and free admission that their wages are and have been higher than those paid on competing roads. They say:

"Generally speaking, yard rates put into effect by your company compare favorably with the rates by other companies in the territory, but we contend that both road and yard rates should be higher on our lines than paid by other companies for similar service, because the policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad has always been to educate its employees in the belief that certain of such employees were entitled to from 5 to 20 per cent more than paid by other companies for similar service. We feel we are entitled to a continuation of the practice accompanied by standard conditions of payment."

In other words, the prime claim for a raise in the wage scale in certain directions is based, not on any injustice that exists at present, but solely on the generous dealings of the company with the employees in the past. Those who would strike now admit that the Pennsylvania

Railroad has been exceptionally liberal with the employees, and what has been granted to the men has been granted through dealings directly between the men and the company.

And it seems to us that public opinion will not be inclined to ignore the fair and just appeal of the railroad officials, who say:

"Is it fair to penalize your company now, because in the past it has treated its employees as liberally as its finances would permit, regardless of wages paid by its competitors? And further because in this instance it has more than met the advances of other roads?"

As against this we have the latest statement of the president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Mr. W. G. Lee, who distinctly states:

"The Pennsylvania Railroad has its own peculiar and private system of dealing with its employees, and this is what we are fighting against."

Yet, by this same "private and peculiar system" the men themselves admit that they have received better and more just treatment, higher wages, than the employees of other and competing roads; but in spite of this they have voted for a strike.

So far the negotiations have been carried on with calm common sense, without heat, threats—save so far as a strike is always a threat—and with an evident desire to avoid trouble. Let us hope that the developments of the day will continue in the spirit already shown and that the calamity of a strike will be averted.

Charlton Should Be Surrendered.

It is impossible on our part to accept the persistent report that the State Department, on account of deplorable treaty complications, will refuse to turn over to Italy young Porter Charlton, the American who murdered his wife and threw her body into Lake Como.

The circumstances connected with this particularly hideous tragedy indicate clearly to our mind that Charlton was bereft of reason when he committed the crime; that a miserable marriage with a designing, venturous woman had rendered him mentally irresponsible; that up to the hour of the murder he was the pitiable, helpless victim of an abhorrent alliance, and that his course then and subsequently was explicable only on the theory of his insanity.

But this is mere opinion. His case must be passed upon by a properly constituted tribunal.

If the State Department, by affirmative action or nonaction, should be the medium of turning scot free this ill-starred youth, he be sane or insane, a reproach would be cast upon this law-loving nation that all right-minded people would feel with shame, and feel deeply.

It is easy enough to see that Italy is not greatly concerned, beyond showing a desire to have justice done. To be rid of the case forever and freed of the expense of the trial would doubtless be quite satisfactory to that country.

However logical our contention with regard to Italy, who has fled to Italy after committing crime in the United States may be, we should not seek to take advantage of the Charlton case to force its immediate acceptance. That would be nothing less than an insistence that Italy's wrong might be righted by indulging ourselves in another wrong—an ancient fallacy that is beneath the consideration of this great nation.

We are not the people to advance arguments of that kind. We should scorn to turn a trick at the expense of our dignity, our high-mindedness, and our reputation for justice with honor.

Charlton should be put into the hands of the Italian authorities promptly. After that has been done our Ambassador should be charged with the duty of seeing that he receives a fair trial. Then let the question of Italian criminals and their extradition to this country be again pressed on its merits.

What shall it profit us to assume the hostile attitude toward Italy that we dispute Italy's right to assume toward us?

The Microbe.

The microbe peril is being overdone. It may be hazardous to assert it, and it may arouse the wrath of scientists too numerous to mention, but it is perfectly true. Germs, bacteria, microbes—everywhere they giber, and from every point of view they leer!

Ice cream? Horrors! Do not touch it! One teaspoonful of it contains millions of microbes ready to start an insurrection in your department of the interior sufficient to lay you out forevermore. Grapes? Swarming with pernicious micro-organisms. Candy, cake, pie, pudding—infested with germs and things! Kissing has been proscribed—even hand-shaking.

A crusade meritorious enough in the beginning, perhaps, is being carried to an extreme never dreamed of by its originators. There is much danger in some sorts of ice cream, no doubt. Also grapes, candy, and oils of uncertain quality, have their ills. Kissing and hand-shaking bring no good to some people, now and then, to be sure. But not one of these things is evil within itself, generally speaking. Impure ingredients and insanitary preparation produce edibles that give one a pain. But neither the use of the one nor the indulgence of the other is necessary.

The wise doctors of the land are not responsible for the microbe peril so much, perhaps, as is the laity. The unscientific man has a tendency to exaggerate scientific assertions. He makes mountains of molehills, and then gets scared of his own work. He shies at shadows, and tells those he meets in his flight that the shadow he saw was the real hobgoblin thing, seeking to devour him raw!

As a healthy restraining agent, the microbe is a good thing. But as an all-around kiljoy—well, he is a first-class nuisance, and should be ordered back into his cage.

Margaret Illington's husband says he intends to be her manager. That subdued chuckle you hear proceeds from Mr. Daniel Frohman.

"Judge Hart abandons forlorn hope," says the Albany (Ga.) Herald. The judge's "forlorn hope" was peace in Georgia politics.

The Kansas courts are to be called upon to decide whether a woman may

hire her own mother as a cook against the wishes of her mother's husband. The servant-girl question gets more and more complicated every day.

Mr. Roosevelt may have seemed to fiddle a bit for position in the beginning of that anti-prize fight article, but his finishing jabs were straight from the shoulder.

A barbers' convention has resolved in favor of doing away with the ancient red, white, and blue sign. This will give the barbers something new to talk about.

Mr. Cannon disputes Mr. Pinchot's assertion that Mr. Roosevelt is "the father of conservation." Mr. Pinchot is right. All alleged fathers of conservation prior to Mr. Roosevelt are palpable frauds.

A \$75-per-plate political dinner was given recently in Chicago. Can this be our old friend toggled out in up-to-the-minute raiment?

The continued dry spell has had little or no effect on the crop of lynchings down South," observes the Philadelphia Inquirer. As both Ohio and New Jersey, doubtless, have noticed.

In view of the fact that it costs \$3,000,000 a day to run this government, let us be thankful that the government has never yet taken a notion to fly.

In this country we wonder what Mexico would do without Diaz; in Mexico they wonder what this country would do without Roosevelt.

The statement that "Mr. Pinchot is behind this insurgent row" is more or less misleading. Mr. Pinchot is right in the middle of it.

It is somewhat astonishing to hear that the "turtles are disappearing throughout the country." We read every day of autos turning turtle.

A Chicago professor says that skunks are good to eat," notes the Portland Express. Unanimously, in all probability, the laymen will prefer to take the professor's word for it.

Mr. James Rudolph Garfield might rectify his little piece backward next time. Perhaps the country would be able to gather a clearer idea of what on earth he is driving at.

Mr. Box has decided not to run for Congress in Texas," says the Allentown Democrat. Somebody must have put the lid on Mr. Box.

General Humidity executed a flank movement against "Uncle Joe," but the old warrior was far from routed, nevertheless.

A writer thinks "Col. Roosevelt" has been led astray. The colonel may be astray; but if he is he went astray of his own free will and accord—nobody led him.

Now that the biggest hammer in the world has been located in Italy, Mr. Ballinger probably feels sure somebody will bring it over here to use on him.

The report of the Lodge high-cost-of-living committee is couched in very dignified language, of course, even if it does not say anything whatever worth while.

We feel reasonably certain the colonel kissed the blarney stone while in Ireland recently. Everybody who goes to see him at Sagamore Hill comes away beaming.

It is curiously illustrative of the niceties of our language that we so often call up people for the purpose of calling them down.

A Missouri court has decided that it is a pedestrian's duty to dodge the autos. The pedestrian long ago decided it to be wise.

"Somebody" Cut Off Thumb.

Kingston Item, in New York World.

"Look, papa, I got four fingers now!" cried four-year-old Joe Jannan, as he toddled up to his father while the latter was talking to an acquaintance.

Little Joe and his father had been walking through the woods near the East Kingston brickyard when the father stopped to speak to a friend. Joe started to investigate the vicinity. He returned in a few minutes.

"What?" the father exclaimed in alarm.

"See," cried little Joe, holding up his right hand, from which the thumb was missing.

"What happened?" was all his father could gasp.

"Somebody over there cut it off," said Joe, pointing toward the brick-making machines.

"Where is it?" asked the father in horror.

"It got it!" Joe answered, as he produced the missing thumb.

Joe's papa nearly fainted. "It's all right, papa," the boy said. "It don't hurt."

But papa thought it might hurt later and brought Joe to the Benedictine Sanatorium.

TIPS ON TACT.

Under all sorts of conditions, and in all sorts of positions, with all sorts of missions.

There's a proper way to act.

Some require a manner, some an off-hand way and easy, some a bantering and teasing way of handling every fact.

But whatever the occasion, go to it without evasion, meet broadsword—soft persuasion.

With the thing we know as tact.

If a daffodil comes and bore you, passing all the garden doors you thought impossible, and seen you.

Do not fret and fume and wiggle, do not twist and squirm and wiggle, do not just the floor and jiggle.

Do not wide your eye; do not say "You ought to see him—!" but behold him!

Talk to him an empty chair!

Does someone seek a subscription? Don't fly into a condition like a Mullah-stirred Egyptian. Start no argument for strife.

Do not talk in language free, rather smile in manner pleasing, and while the soft hands you're spending.

Tell them softly: "See my wife."

And if you have kept your Honey like most men in need of money, what shall I tell them to be funny?

When they see her, bet you life!

Does a bill collector find you and keep right along behind you, seeming not inclined to mind you?

When you say: "Some other day!"

Don't get hot under the collar, don't put up a raucous roar, say: "Old man, lend me a dollar!"

Can you spare a dollar, say?

That will make him like you, it will, like he was with friends here, it will, maybe you will get it.

You're a winner either way!

Has a girl book-agent found you, won through all the guards around you, one that's sweet and surely good?

Would not like to give the book?

That's an easy proposition! You can work her a position, send her out upon her mission.

Without a word of protest.

Ask her, with your soul upwelling to your eyes: "What's this you're selling?" Then when she has finished selling.

Tell her "Bure!" and buy the book.

—Judd M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

GETTING THE VIEW.

I hustle from my bed at dawn To scrutinize "the view."

I carefully inspect the lawn Still glittering with dew.

The booklet said the view was fine, And that is why I came:

I like a lot of view for mine, I revel in the same.

I scrutinize each scenic spot, Of gazing get my fill,

Rejoicing that the same will not Be added to the bill.

I scrutinize the verdant earth, The cascade and the peak;

I want to get my money's worth At twenty plunks a week.

On the Alert.

"That handsome doctor at the hotel seems to be an object of interest to the young ladies."

"He claims to be investigating the theory of germ transmission by kissing."

"Well?"

"They're hoping he'll call for volunteers."

Just So.

"I shall put in a piece of insanity, and conduct my own defense."

"Don't be too economical. You may prove that you're a fool by acting as your own lawyer, but if you want to prove insanity you've got to have an alienist."

Ultimate Consumers.

"Rubber is going up."

"Yes; and I've got to buy overshoes."

"Overshoes? Shucks! I've got to buy tires."

End of the Romance.

The wedding ends the romance, And there we close the book.

Nor need we care, The next affair.

It troubles with the cook.

The Swagger Set.

"It is reported, Mr. Newport, that you were seen yesterday strolling on the boardwalk with your wife."

"Yes; I was with my wife. But, for goodness sake, don't make a sensation of it."

Force of Habit.

"How is the magazine man getting along whom you hired to run your newspaper?"

"I haven't broken him of all his old habits. When news is dull he promises a lot of fine news for the next number."

Less Lavish.

"I saw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' played recently."

"So?"

"I think I'll read the book."

"You may be disappointed. The book mentions only one little Eva and one Lawyer Marks."

TORTOISES 300 YEARS OLD.

Shakespeare Was Living When These Relics Saw Light of Day.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Two of the largest elephantine tortoises ever seen in England have arrived at the zoological gardens, with three smaller companions.

Their weight is measured in hundred weights and their age in centuries. If the estimate of the 250 years which were allotted to their predecessor, Methuselah, was correct, the giant brethren which have just been placed in the tortoise paddock must have seen 200 summers at least.

Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh were living when these two relics first broke their shells in Algeria—the island in the Seychelles group of the Indian Ocean from which they are now unwilling emigrants.

A feature of this wonderful pair is the perfection of their shells. Methuselah's carapace was rubbed almost smooth when he arrived, but the newcomers' embossed armor is in a beautiful state of preservation—the assumption being that their lives have been cast in more peaceful circumstances.

Thousands of visitors have paid court to the baby giraffe born recently. The mother is a true Socialist, leaves the feeding of the infant to the state—represented by a keeper with a bottle of milk.

However, the 6-foot infant gambols like a clumsy lamb, one of the quaintest sights imaginable. The weakness of the hind legs has disappeared, and in the words of a sporting expert, "It is now even money that it survives." When it was born it was 2 to 1 against it.

New Mexico Fourth State in Area.

From an Exchange.

New Mexico will be the fourth State of the Union in area, larger than any other except Texas, California, and Montana.

Its area of 122,580 square miles makes it more than double the size of Illinois, which has an area of 56,550 square miles.

Nearly the whole of the territory is more than 4,000 feet above the sea level, and some of its mountain peaks are more than 12,000 feet high. The soil in general is good wherever water can be applied, and irrigation is doing wonders in parts of the State.

With an average rainfall of only about fifteen inches, the territory has a remarkably dry and healthful climate, and the range of the thermometer is not great, the mean temperature at Santa Fe for the whole year being about 50 degrees Fahrenheit, with the warmest month showing an average of 70 degrees and the coldest month an average of 30 degrees.

Entire Town Moves on Wheels.

Grosley Correspondence Denver Republican.

New Hereford, in Eastern Weld County, is planning an old settlers' day reunion, although it is less than a day old.

New Hereford is the only town in Weld County, which, having been established in another State, was picked up and carried on wheels to a new location.

Hereford was a town in Southern Wyoming and was moved. It was said, at the request of a stockman named Benson, who wanted a town near his ranch and offered it good inducements.

The people of Hereford were willing to make the move, only three miles. Business houses and dwellings were loaded on wagon gears and removed to the new site. The town is christened New Hereford, and will be a year old August 25.

How He Stopped Smoking.

From Tit-Bits.

"I've you 'eard that old Jim 'as stopped smoking?"

"No."

"Yes; you see, 'e's a little nearsighted, and the other day 'e emptied his pipe into a gunpowder barrel!"

Lesser of Two Evils.

From the Houston Post.

"But are you not afraid that if you abruptly cease calling she will have a case against you for damages?"

"If I don't I will have a case against her for damages."

A DAILY BOOK REVIEW

THE FIRST GREAT CANADIAN.

A man whose deeds enabled him to declare truthfully that he was "tired of conquering the Bay of Hudson," is deserving of more notice than conventional history has bestowed upon Pierre Le Moine, Sieur d'Iberville. Possibly the most capable, and in many ways the most interesting, of all the company of great adventurers who strove to create the empire of New France, his achievements have been forgotten in the collapse of the cause for which he fought; and, unlike many of his predecessors and comrades, he did not give his name to any portion of the territory he strove to subdue. But if his work came ultimately to naught, it was through no fault of his. As a soldier he was a scourge to the English of Northern New York and the English fur traders of Hudson Bay; as a golliwog his labors at the mouth of the Mississippi were the expression of a tremendous vision which might have given to France the dominion of the New World. It is no exaggerated hero worship, therefore, which has given the title "The First Great Canadian: The Story of Pierre Le Moine, Sieur d'Iberville," to Charles B. Reed's biography of this soldier of New France.

Out of the confused and meager records which have survived the 200 years since Iberville's death, Mr. Reed has striven hard to construct a clear biography, but he has worked in the face of serious difficulties. To any successor of Parkman, in the history of French America, not much is left but a chronicle of little wars. "It was slay or be slain; and so alarm followed alarm, and raid succeeded raid, while no permanent advantage was gained by either side." It was a clear realization of this fact that led Iberville to write to Louis XIV that he was tired of "conquering the Bay of Hudson," and to lose his again, and which induced him to shift the scene of his lifelong warfare against the English from the wastes of the North to the semitropical Gulf of Mexico. There, in 1706, yellow fever removed the determined enemy of the struggling colonies on the Atlantic seacoast. Had he survived, unhampered by the absurd paternalism of the French monarchy, he might have done much. As it is, we can only wonder at the smallness of the means with which he grappled at such a great prize. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE RIGHT STUFF.

Mr. Ian Hay has written a little romance which we can best describe by its own title—"The Right Stuff." It is a simple tale, told in a blithe spirit that is most engaging. A member of Parliament is the narrator, and the young Scot whom he engages as private secretary is the hero. The story of this able young gentleman's progress in the business of politics and of his courtship of a young lady in his employer's household is indeed attractive. The idiosyncrasies of the Scottish character have afforded many writers an engaging theme; few have handled it with juster discretion, more graceful humor, or more lively sympathy than Mr. Hay. He has the rare gift of holding one's interest without creating a feeling of strain or tension, and as a result his readers will find entertainment which refreshes rather than worries. "The Right Stuff" is by no means to be regarded as an "important" book; it is none the less one of the most charming bits of fiction that have come out in some time. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Biggest Loaf of Bread.

From the San Antonio Express.

The largest loaf of bread in the world was baked the other day by Andrew Newberg, of Austin. This gigantic mass of the staff of life weighed 140 pounds and was two feet high, three feet wide and twelve feet long. After the ingredients were mixed the baking process consumed over an hour, a special oven being used for the purpose. The loaf was sent to a barbecue at Moulton, where it was cut and distributed for a large crowd.

Mr. Newberg accompanied the bread to its destination to see that it was safely carried. By making this loaf, the knight of bread in his own record for the largest loaf of bread in the world, which was one weighing 100 pounds sent to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1894.

Caution to Voters.

From the Dallas News.

No brave voter should vote for any candidate unless he can do so without holding his nose.

Ideal Companion.

From Life.

"Was your husband kind to you during your illness?"

"Kind? Ah, indeed, mum! Moke was more like a neighbor than a husband."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Godfrey, King of Jerusalem—July 18.

There died in Jerusalem, on July 13, 1109, Godfrey de Bouillon, one of the picturesque figures of the First Crusade, and the first Latin ruler of the Holy City.

The date of his birth is uncertain, but his family traced its descent from Charlemagne the Great, and later legends made Lohengrin, "the knight of the swan," Godfrey's progenitor.

In the strife over investiture Godfrey de Bouillon was on the side of the Emperor, and it was said that he was the first to scale the walls of Rome when it was attacked by Henry IV in 1084. The legend also recounts how he was stricken with disease because of his sacrilege at Rome, and then miraculously healed when he took the Crusader's vow.

Godfrey, although one of the leaders of the First Crusade, was not commander-in-chief, and after the capture of Jerusalem was elected "baron and defender of the holy sepulcher." According to one legend, he was offered the title of king, but refused "to wear a crown of gold where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns."

The armies of the First Crusade reached Jerusalem in June, 1099. In T. K. Keightley's "The Crusaders" that chronicler notes: "Eight days after their bloody conquest of the Holy City had been achieved the Latin chiefs proceeded to the election of a king, to guard and govern their conquests in Palestine. There were several persons considered for the honor, but the free, the just, the unassuming, the knight of the swan, Godfrey de Bouillon the first and most worthy of the champions of Christendom."